

## THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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## THE WEATHER.

Weather forecasts for to-day predict cloudy weather, followed by snow at night.

Governor Morton has warned off all purveyors of "strike" bills, and reminds them of his veto power.

Senator Call is making a loud call for Cuban recognition. A direct vote must soon be taken in the Senate.

There are signs that the Home Rule opposition to the project of government by commissions will soon be very formidable.

Congress should hasten to affirm the Monroe Doctrine so that each member will not be issuing a commentary of his own upon it.

The anti-Consolidationists in Brooklyn will perform their wildest waltzes before the "Joint Inquiry" Committee for the rest of this week.

Senator Brice will soon be relieved from the painful duty of living in one State and representing another in the Senate.

It was a blunder to apply at the English Colonial Office for help for the Americans arrested as implicated in the Transvaal conspiracy.

Venezuela should at once declare that money can play no role in the settlement of her difficulties with England, who is jingling her cash bags.

It is amusing to think that Queen Victoria expects to accomplish by a letter to the Sultan what all the diplomats combined have failed to do.

The vote in the State Senate on the Excise Reform Association's project pretty clearly indicates that "Sunday opening" will get small consideration this session.

England has not got the worst of it all round, anyway. A dispatch last night from Cape Coast Castle to London says that King Prempeh of Ashanti has accepted the terms of the British.

## HUNTING THE "SWEATER."

The report of the Reinhard Committee will be read with interest by every one who wishes to see New York freed from the disgrace of the "sweating" system. Its recommendations are good, but they do not go far enough. It is well to make every person who opens and maintains a "tenement sweat shop" guilty of a misdemeanor, but it cannot be done with the forces at present at the disposition of the State. Competent authorities state that the sweating business—the driving of white slaves to exhaustion under the most cruel pressure—has never been so flourishing on the East Side as at present. It is not the slightest exaggeration to say that there are twenty-five thousand sweat shops in New York and Brooklyn, doing a good business. In the clothing trade there are two thousand of these shops. The cloak and suit industry boasts no less than twelve hundred of them. The manufacture of baby cloaks furnishes work for six hundred. The fabrication of knee pants occupies eight hundred. There are a thousand establishments for the making of "pants" and fifteen hundred in which shirts are made. Even the uppers of shoes are prepared in no less than fifteen hundred of these tenement shops.

The bare thought of the tens of thousands of half-starved and overworked persons in these dens whose owners constantly defy the law is enough to give one a shudder. In these airless and overheated places young children are kept at toil which is hard enough to break down grown persons. Properly to inspect these rookeries, and to find out where children under the legal age are employed, would require ten times as many factory inspectors as we at present possess. The sweater laughs at the powerlessness of State and City, and goes right on as if the laws did not exist. The branding of his goods, as suggested by the Reinhard Committee, would scare him a little. But who is to visit the twenty-five thousand shops, and exact the brand upon every article made in them?

Intelligent labor leaders, who have spent many years in hunting down "sweaters" and rescuing helpless workmen and workwomen from their toils, claim that the whole system of factory inspection should be reformed. At present there are eighteen inspectors, each of whom gets \$1,500. It would be far better to have forty or fifty, recruited from the working classes, and receiving about \$900 each annually. An inspector who works only from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. is not likely to see much of the evils in the real sweating field. He must be prepared to descend upon a tenement sweat shop at two in the morning, and must possess knowledge of the tricks prevalent in "sweating," which will enable him to discover the falsehoods and unmask the expedients always ready for his deception. A district with not more than a hundred

shops in it should be allotted to him, and he should devote himself to the annihilation of the pernicious slavery within its boundaries. Thus, and thus only, can effective results be reached. The committee, at the end of its laborious investigation, stands aghast at the mighty task before the State. Its report is full of excellent and practical suggestions, but few of them can be carried out without a force immensely larger than the Legislature has ever thought necessary. If our lawmakers wish to save the labor market of the metropolis and the other large cities in this State from thorough demoralization, they must be more generous in future.

The coolness with which England expresses her regrets that the settlement of the Eastern Question "will have to be postponed" until other matters are settled is almost startling. The Armenians may be exterminated, but Great Britain's interests must not suffer.

## A SEEDY PROCEEDING.

Secretary Morton, of the Department of Agriculture, has cast reflections on the members of Congress which certainly require either blood or apologies. In his zeal to uphold the value of literature over pumpkin seeds as a contribution to American farming, he has forgotten that the United States will never permit a word derogatory to the fame of its unsullied statesmen to be uttered unless accompanied by proof. He has even gone so far as to give the impression that representatives at Washington are actually influenced by mercenary motives, which is the only interpretation that can be placed upon his statement that he has bought copies of Government publications at second-hand book stores for a mere song. These publications had been given to Congressmen for distribution among their constituents, so the only conclusion from his words is that Congressmen have been hocking scientific works on the evolution of the potato bug, and neatly bound treatises on the proper care of gooseberry bushes, in order to raise money to pay laundry bills.

Even more serious as an accusation is the statement of Mr. Morton that with \$15 in cash he purchased at a grocery store near the Capitol the full quota of seeds for a whole Congressional district. These seeds cost Uncle Sam exactly \$300, and it is fair to assume that Mr. Morton shed enough tears to irrigate a cabbage patch when it dawned upon him that the pride of some Congressional district had given up for filthy lucre the precious seeds intended to revolutionize the production of buckwheat, sugar cane or big clover. Such lack of appreciation of the good things which Uncle Sam gives away is almost impossible of comprehension. Intimations should be followed by proof, and the statesmen who have been hocking seeds and Government literature should be made to suffer for their crime. Turn on the light, Mr. Morton!

If we may judge by the expressions of the Russian newspapers, Mr. Henry Norman's prophecy that England and Russia would yet be found in an alliance does not appear very likely to be fulfilled. The whole Russian press is urging Germany to stand boldly against England, which it would hardly dare to do without the Czar's assent.

## TIME TO BE VIGILANT.

Senator Hill is right when he says that Home Rule is menaced by the Consolidation scheme in its present aspect. Every one agrees that the union of the cities is to be desired; but only when it is consummated purely as a measure for their material greatness; not when it is plotted as a means of perpetuating their servitude to the rural majority. Under the guise of a minute investigation into the opinions of the inhabitants of New York and Brooklyn on the subject of Union, our bucolic bosses are preparing a scheme of government by commissions which would subject us wholly to their caprices. They cannot endure the thought of Consolidation without it is to perpetuate their power. If they can foist upon us now certain commissions which are to endure until 1898, they fancy that by that time we may be reconciled to accept them under the "Greater New York."

It behooves the friends of Home Rule to be vigilant, and to fight with earnestness against everything which tends to take away local liberties, and to affirm the despotism of the Legislature.

Our local police would better learn to be a little more expert in catching criminals before they decide to take their measurements.

## THE NEW WOMAN IN THE WEST.

The new woman flourishes upon Western soil. Suffrage, limited or unlimited, has been conferred upon her by various of the more Occidental commonwealths, and even where she may not vote she can and does hold minor town, county and State offices. We read of women town clerks, deputy sheriffs, State librarians, engrossing clerks and stenographers of public assemblies, as well as of women delegates in political nominating conventions.

Results do not "jes grow," like Topsy. They must have causes. If women hold office, it is usually, alas! after electioneering for them. Electioneering seems to have been particularly lively in Iowa since the incoming of the new Governor and Legislature on

January 1. The Iowa State Register, General James S. Clarkson's organ, reveals this fact when, after deprecating "unnecessary criticism" of candidates seeking office, and especially of women candidates, it is constrained to add: "Nevertheless, this is the first year that the women who are seeking places have invaded the lower lobby of the Savory House, that is, the office floor, where the men chew tobacco and tell stories. In former years the women remained in the upper halls and had the members come to them. But this year they have gone right among the men."

Such is the baleful effect of competition and the law of supply of offices and demand of candidates. Next year, according to the well-known rule that things never stay quite as they are, but tend to get more so, may find the women themselves chewing tobacco and telling stories of the racy sort that in the lobby do abound. At least there is some prospect of it; and it would be interesting to know what the new man in the West is going to do about it.

The wedding out of saloons in Brooklyn promises to be more radical than in New York under the proviso which forbids renewal of license when the saloon is within two hundred feet of a church.

The name of Joseph Chamberlain, England's Colonial Secretary, is hissed at the music halls because of the stand he took regarding Jameson's Invasion of the Transvaal; but he was cheered at the Lyceum, which has the highest social and professional standing of any theatre in London, when he appeared at a performance there on Wednesday night.

Sarah and Yvette need not excite themselves about a comparison of their years. According to the time-honored rule that a woman is only so old as she looks, let us all agree that neither of the fair contestants can possibly have seen more than just so many Summers as she is willing to admit.

The attaches of the police courts are supposed to be hardened to human suffering, and yet they contributed \$12 to poor little Emma Albert, who was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday for selling newspapers in saloons, when they learned that the twelve-year-old child was supporting a family of six by her efforts.

President Krueger intends to make Boer hunting a very expensive pastime. Twenty-five thousand dollars apiece is a tidy sum for the English to pay as an indemnity to the families of each voter in the Transvaal who was killed in "Dr. Jim's" inexcusable raid. The sturdy old Dutchman evidently understands that England feels money punishment worse than any other.

The extraordinary activity of England in fortifying, wherever she has a chance to do so, in her American possessions shows that she does not mean to be taken off her guard. At the island and fortresses in the West Indies, at Halifax, at Esquimaux, and on Puget Sound, warlike preparations are constantly going forward. Meantime the United States is doing little but talk. "There will be no war," say the oracles, "and consequently there is no need of making expenses." While it is, of course, to be hoped that there will be no war, it would be infinitely wiser to act as if war were always possible, and in some degree at least to make ready for it.

The police learned yesterday of two more attempted "hold ups" in the streets of New York on New Year's Eve. The night before the first day of the year seems to be a particularly fruitful one for gentlemen going home at two or three o'clock in the morning to meet with accidents, and it would be interesting to know whether this state of affairs results from the condition of men who are going to swear off New Year's Day, or is the outcome of the good resolutions of the footpads, who are determined to finish their evil deeds, and lead an honest life after the old year goes out.

Chicago gets the Democratic National Convention, and would have been paralyzed with grief if she had not won it. That her rival, St. Louis, should have a national gathering of politicians, and she have none, would be a source of untold woe to her. The proud Democracy of the nation will come here after the convention to brush off the black dust and have a good time. Then it will see that the great city of New York is the only ideal site for a Democratic convention, and that it should have chosen the metropolis. But in this vast community even a meeting of national importance is only one of many episodes, while out on the prairies it is a great big event.

James J. Corbett, who recently handed the heavy-weight championship of the world, which he did not possess, to Peter Maher, the Irish pugilist, who cannot hold it, has gone into the racing business and established the nucleus of a stable, consisting of four blooded horses, at the Morris Park race track. It is only fair to Mr. Corbett, thus starting in a new venture, to inform him that protracted argument before a race will imperil his prospects. If he enters a horse he must be prepared to have the animal start, or else lose his chances of winning the race. He cannot take a parlor car and go West to discuss matters after he has paid down the entrance money; and the horse he enters must be at the track designated in the specifications, and not running alone on a course by itself. By adopting these suggestions, and getting faster horses than anybody else, Mr. Corbett may in time become as great a man on the turf as he has been in pugilistic circles.

## A LAWYER IN CONTEMPT.

John Palmieri, a Wealthy Italian Counsellor, Locked Up in Default of \$250 Fine.

Reported to Have Declined to Give Up an Exhibit in Civil Justice Bolte's Court.

Will Make a Test Case of It. Is Now in Ludlow Street Jail, and Habeas Corpus Proceedings Will Be Argued To-day—Hot Time in Court.

Lawyer John Palmieri, who has been practising in this city for nearly seven years, and who is said to be wealthy, is a prisoner in Ludlow Street Jail, and the victim of an outrage he says, which he claims was perpetrated by Civil Justice Bolte, of the Second District Court, in Centre street.

In a dispute with the Justice and following in a lively scene in the court room the lawyer was charged with contempt of court and given the option of paying a fine of \$250 or going to jail for twenty days. He chose the latter alternative, although having ample means to liquidate the fine, in order that he might test the case in the Supreme Court.

A writ of habeas corpus has already been obtained, and it will be argued this morning at 10:30 before Judge Truax. Palmieri's lawyers denounce the Justice's action as an outrage, and promise interesting developments.

The scene in court, or the "insult to the judge," as the latter's clerks style it, took place Wednesday. The facts were carefully guarded until yesterday afternoon, although over 100 persons were witnesses to it.

Every one on the lower East side of town knows Justice Bolte. He has a law office over the hat store on the northeast corner of New Chambers street and Park Row. He is a stout, middle-aged man, with a thick mustache. He is the friend of ex-police Justice Divver, whose son is clerk of the court.

## THE COURT'S SIDE OF IT.

Many stories are told about the scene in the court room on Wednesday. The first, which is vouched for by Civil Justice Bolte and his clerks, is to the effect that on the morning of the day stated Palmieri, who lives at No. 322 Broadway street, appeared as counsel for the plaintiff in the case of "Gabella vs. Lamotte," which was an action for goods sold and delivered. During the trial a document was duly offered and accepted in evidence and therefore should have been filed. Instead, it is claimed, the lawyer put the document in an envelope, sealed, and then put it in his pocket.

He was ordered to file it, but instead, refused, and it is stated, became "violent." The document was finally taken from him, and he was ordered to show cause at 2 o'clock the same afternoon why he should not be punished for contempt. At the appointed hour Palmieri appeared, but according to the court attendants, he offered no satisfactory explanation. The fine of \$250, or the twenty days imprisonment, was decreed, and the lawyer, in a furious rage, was taken away.

Palmieri was seen in the Ludlow Street Jail to-day a much different story. He began by stating that he had retained R. Washburn Smith of No. 97 Nassau street to look after his case, and that Civil Justice Bolte would have his hands full this morning when the case is called before Judge Truax.

## Palmieri Talks in Jail.

"The facts of the personal outrage upon me are as follows," he said: "For some reason, of which I know nothing, there has been a marked antipathy manifested toward me ever since Justice Bolte assumed office."

"I have had several cases in his court, and, as a rule, received the same treatment. One particular case about which I present trouble arose was instituted by me over seven months ago. Time after time it was adjourned on some pretext or another. I actually waited for ever being able to bring it to trial."

"When it was called again Wednesday morning I went into the court with the goods which I offered in evidence and of which I had a carbon copy in my pocket. After putting it in evidence I actually put it in my pocket, but did not put it in an envelope. There was no reason why I should want to keep the document out of a public file."

"I was thereupon charged with having deliberately attempted to defraud the Court, or with something else which meant the same thing, and was told to show cause at 2 o'clock the same afternoon why I should not be punished for contempt of court."

"When 2 o'clock came I was there and at once asked to be served with a copy of the Court's order. Justice Bolte overruled me. Then I asked for reasonable time to consult my counsel, but even that was refused. The Court then proceeded to sentence me to pay a fine of \$250, or to be imprisoned for twenty days."

"I answered that I had committed no crime and that there was no contempt of which I had to purge myself. I said, however, that if I had in any way offended the dignity of the Court, inadvertently, I would apologize for it. Justice Bolte simply smiled and at once imposed the fine."

"At the same time," added Lawyer Palmieri, "I was told to show cause at 2 o'clock the same afternoon why I should not be punished for contempt of court. I was interested and over which the scene took place was adjourned for two weeks, although it ought to have been tried at once. I could have paid the fine on the instant, but I preferred to test the right of any judge to put in such an arbitrary manner. I will fight it out to the end, and anybody who says I offered an apology other than the one I have mentioned lies. I am not a coward, and I am not a fool. I was an outrage, and my counsel fully agrees with me."

Mr. Palmieri did not say it, but as a matter of fact, several lawyers who were in the court when the \$250 fine was imposed, tried hard to have it remitted. They said that the Court's action was a violation of the law, and that the facts warranted any such amount. Their efforts, however, were unavailing.

## More or Less in the Public Eye.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has written a scathing reply to Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's scathing indictment of the Turks, in which she quotes figures to prove that in the last seventy-five years more than 100,000 Christians have been massacred by Turkish mobs. She concludes with this remark: "As one who has seen these things in the East, and who has seen the same atrocities in the nineteenth century and a disgrace to civilization. The Turkish empire is a disgrace to the world. It is a disgrace to the nations, and the speediest way of doing it will be the most merciful."

Speaker Reed is credited with saying the other day to a man who was glorifying the climate of Arizona: "Put, tat, man! I have been to Fort Yuma, and I know your climate. When a bad man dies down there he does not notice the transition."

Munkewy, who has just been offered the post of inspector of fine arts for the Government of Hungary, frequently relates the struggles of his youth, when he painted redmen's faces and walls for a living. The work that first brought him fame was painted at Tuscon in his twenty-fourth year. It was the now famous "Last Days of a Condemned Prisoner."

Professor Otis E. Kendall has retired from the flower chair of astronomy in the University of Pennsylvania after forty years of active service. Although seventy-nine years old, Professor Kendall retains the chair of mathematics in the same institution.

## LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

New Year's Resolutions Discussed by the Girls.

The news that the Emperor of Germany had declined to receive Mr. Poutney Bigelow when that distinguished writer called on him in Berlin in the interest of a life insurance company has caused a genuine sensation in local literary circles, and great is the regret expressed that by that act Mr. Bigelow's career in literature should be brought to an untimely end.

What the manna was to the children of Israel, what Chilmile Fadden is to Mr. Townsend, what the Brownies are to Palmer Cox and the drinks to a Tenderloin night-hawk and the German Emperor has been to Poutney Bigelow. Years ago, so rumor has it, the two celebrities were school-fellows, and they have been writing articles about each other ever since. What His Imperial Majesty remembers about the friend of his boyhood has been printed from time to time in the leading papers of Germany, and has collected a long ago in book form under the title "Poutney Bigelow as I Remember Him, by Wilhelm II."

The volume has been read and discussed throughout the entire length and breadth of the German Empire, but is almost unknown here. We Americans, however, are thoroughly familiar with Mr. Bigelow's narratives of the life and personal habits of the Emperor, and there will be grief and regret in many a household when it becomes known that His Majesty's biographer has killed the goose that laid the golden egg and cut off the source of information which served him for so many years.

It is no easy matter just now to remember just what has been written by Mr. Bigelow on the subject which he knows so well, but it is certain that for ten years he has not written about anything else, and he has always been noted as one of the most industrious and prolific writers of the age.

Among the most noteworthy of the articles and stories with which Mr. Bigelow has enriched our national literature may be mentioned the following: "Playing Hopscotch with an Imperial Prince" (Harper's Young People), "An Emperor Who Loves to Crochet" (Harper's Bazar), "The Emperor Who Frequently Carries a Dinner Pail" (the Century Magazine), "An Emperor Who Has Relations Enough to Keep This Magazine Going for Twenty Years on Reminiscences Alone" (the Ladies' Home Journal).

Mr. Bigelow has also been a frequent and valued contributor to various trade journals and periodicals devoted to special fields of research and has shown such extraordinary ingenuity in devising novel and attractive imperial topics that it is firmly believed that if he were called upon for an article suitable for the Easter number of the Smoked Glass Gazette he would respond at once with "An Imperial Astrologer; or, Watching the Eclipse of the Sun at Potsdam."

In the Iron Age Mr. Bigelow has written his most entertaining vein about "Bollers That Hoar a Berlin Prince" in the Agriculturalist he tells about "Imperial Pigs, and What They Fatten On;" in the Weekly Milk Route, a paper that reaches every cowshed on Long Island, he describes, in his usual agreeable and complimentary style, "Popular Admireys Who Supply an Emperor's Household," and in that influential organ of advanced German thought, the Phinche Players' Companion, he writes about "How a Great Sovereign Cuts, Deals and Shuffles."

It is sad to think of the brilliant literary career that has come to a sudden end. There will be an achy void in many a magazine and "potted book" weekly, and saddened hearts in many a home.

There is but one more article for Mr. Bigelow to write before he lays aside his pen forever, and the chances are that he will write it in forty different publications, and under as many different captions, one of which will be "How a Mighty Sovereign Wouldn't Let Me Into the Palace to Talk Life Insurance to Him."

It is with somewhat mixed feelings that an admirer of Mr. Quiller-Couch lays down his last book, "Ila." The scene is laid in the western part of England, presumably Cornwall, and though we are told the date, 1880, there is nothing in either the language or actions of the characters which suggests anything so modern. Paul Heathcote, the handsome young preacher of the sect of the Second Advent Saints, has just been sent to Ardevore, where his first visit is to the house of Elder Carlines, where he sees Ia, who is living there in service. With her he is a case of love at first sight, and soon after she calls him up at night, and, under pretence of taking him to see a sick woman, who has sent for him, she gets him out into a boat with her. Then follows a scene that borders on the ridiculous. Ia tells the preacher frankly that she loves him and wants to marry him, and flatly declines to set him ashore until he consents. In vain he pleads for his reputation. Ia says here will be gone, too, unless she has his word. He finally consents and they return to Ardevore. Then follows the description of the visit to the old woman among the hills and the plighting of their faith over running water. The description of the epidemic is excellent, and the character of Dr. Hammer is well drawn and stands out almost as prominently as Ia's. Then comes the weak and commonplace part of the book. Paul Heathcote accepts a call to London, and goes without knowing that Ia will give him a place in his home kind of trouble. The situation is too hackneyed to use, and it is necessary to develop the author's point, and in this case it seems to have failed.

On the first page of "The Black Cat" for February the editor bids a hungry word for "Publishers everywhere" are "cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part." His shop front protected by these formidable bars, he makes aspersions upon by dumping on the foreground his show window a tale called "The Mysterious Card," which no one but a kleptomaniac would steal. The author tangles himself up in a tale of mystery, nothing for his surprise instead of building for it. And when by the inversion of the craftsman's process he has muddled away his space, he says that he doesn't know what the answer to the riddle is, after all, and turns away to play some other game. The name of the author is Maffett, and he was called Haseck or something by mistake, or otherwise mentioned or ignored in these columns long ago, when he had been writing or stealing a place for himself in the Brooklyn Bridge in connection with Abraham Lincoln, Maffett, or S. S. McClure.

The Lament of Morgan. Break, break, break! From my syndicate they flee, And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.

O, was to the deep-laid schemes For cornering at the gold! O, was to my beautiful dreams For scooping in wealth untold!

And the days pass quickly on, While our chances are taking wing; But, O, for a grip on those new gold bonds At the price we bid for the ring! Break, break, break! While the people all about with glee; But, O, for a hand from a deal that is dead Will never come back to me!

A Fragment of History. [London Times, Jan. 18, 1813.] The public will learn with sentiments which we shall not attempt to anticipate that a third British frigate has struck to an American. This, with the fact stated in our paper of yesterday, that Lloyd's list contains notices of upward of five hundred British vessels captured in seven months by the Americans—five hundred and thirty-three frigates. Any one who would have predicted such a result this time last year would have been treated as a madman. Yet down to the present moment not a single American frigate has struck her flag.

Salisbury and Mr. Conder. [Washington Dispatch to Chicago Record.] I understand that the Marquis of Salisbury might agree to submit the claims of England to the Venezuelan territory to the United States Government for Mr. Frederic C. Conder were not a member of that body. He is particularly offensive to the British Government because of his speech during the hearing of the arbitration at Paris in 1883, and particularly because of some utterances in newspaper interviews since the present dispute started. Mr. Conder is quoted as saying, for example, that England was the bully of nations; that she was a power stealing territory whenever a chance was offered; and that there was no prospect of compelling her to give up her usual course, because she was not subject to that kind of influence. Such remarks as these, the English think, disqualify him for the position of arbitrator, and they will not submit their claims to his judgment.

Few of Them Left. [Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.] There are some statesmen still in the Senate of the United States, but they do not shape, much less dominate, the action of the Senate with regard to policies or measures.

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

There are various ways of locating people, so far as being assured of their place of residence is concerned. When a man wears the garb of the sea-faring man it is quite as natural that he should be hailed as a mariner as that a policeman should be recognized as such by his uniform. But the other day a Brooklyn man was so astonished that he could scarcely contain himself when, in the lobby of the Astor House, a sharper stepped up politely and said: "Excuse me, but how are you, and how is everything over in Brooklyn?" The Brooklyn man smiled coldly, and said, with a tinge of sarcasm, as if he would throw off his shawl for the purpose of bestowing a thrashing on his interlocutor: "Are you as fond of Brooklyn as ever?" asked the stranger, with the easy manner of an old acquaintance.

The Brooklyn man felt crestfallen to think that even a Brooklyn man should be as easy of detection as a man with paint-brush whiskers, worn to make a cravat superfluous, a native of Wapping's Falls or Copake should be. He had always lived in and around New York, and could remember the calloso on the Yonkers boat in the fifties. With great dignity he said to the sharper: "You can't play me to-day my friend. I have lived around here too long. I was familiar with this town and its ways when the site of the Post Office over there was pond filled with goldfish and ponderous aquatic plants. I can go back to the days of the free fights at the fires, when the Rovers and the Chelsea had it hot and heavy with brickbats, when such a thing as a paid department was unknown and undreamt of. But I have no hard feelings toward you because of your effort to play the ancient sawdust trick on me. Yet I would like to ask you one question."

"What is it?" asked the sharper. "It is this: How did you recognize me as a Brooklyn man? If you will answer this question in an honest, straightforward manner you will satisfy my curiosity, for I can't imagine for the life of me how you ever did it."

"I will explain," replied the green goods man. "I recognized you as a Brooklyn man by an infallible sign—by your shoes."

"By my shoes—by my shoes?" repeated the Brooklyn man. "What is there about my shoes that stamps me as a resident of Brooklyn?"

"Why, simply this," said the other: "Where the buttons are off you have performed the great Brooklyn trick of fastening them together with safety pins."

A smart—Yankee-smart, not Anglo-mannerly—"smart"—woman whom fate and a consumptive husband threw upon the world with a small capital has created a business. She began by being a purchasing agent. The discount from the sheps and the small percentage paid her by her customers was satisfactory for a time. Then one day a prominent Southern client cancelled an order because she had no ready money. The shopping agent telegraphed at once that the goods could be obtained on the instalment plan at an advance in price. They were ordered sent. She paid cash for them herself, thus obtaining a large rate of interest on her money. It gave her an idea. She sent out circulars to New York women offering to buy for them in the same way. To-day she is supplying the luxuries of life to hundreds of women, who pay small sums on account every week. There are no bills, no unpleasant pay days, and the projector of the scheme says the payments are met promptly and she is making money. It is usury, but whose affair is that?

In the rear room of Barney Rourke's tavern, at No. 35 Forsyth street, a room sacred to the memories of Chester A. Arthur and Roscoe Conkling, there gathered the other day a number of East Side "statesmen," conspicuous among whom were ex-Congressman "Tim" Campbell, James Oliver, otherwise "the Duke of Paradise Park," Senator "Dry Dollar" Sullivan and their host, Barney. Like the gallant knights of olden times, they sat about the round table indulging in merry quips and jests.

It came Barney's turn to spin a yarn, and he had just started to tell how the New Yorkers made life miserable for rural legislators at Albany when suddenly a bright red under-shirt flittered in the breeze and fell to the window sill without.

Going to the window he looked at the under garment for several moments. Then, calling the other convivers over to him, Barney nodded in the direction of a clothes pole in the rear of No. 35, next door.

"Boys," said Barney, with unwonted seriousness, "dyer see that pole?"

"The boys" admitted that they did, and Barney continued: "That pole was the flagstaff on the old Tribune building, and Mr. Greeley with his own study arms used to hoist the good old flag to the top of the pole on Independence Day. When the old building was torn down a dealer in second-hand lumber bought the pole with the rest of the building. He offered to sell it to me, but, having no room for it in my yard, I induced my neighbor to purchase it."

Barney then related how he had bought the pole for \$100, and how he had just started to tell how the New Yorkers made life miserable for rural legislators at Albany when suddenly a bright red under-shirt flittered in the breeze and fell to the window sill without.

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